



Night Wise



👁 19 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Sarah May Vigue-Cortez

"Sheep! You all are sheep" I sat up with these words still echoing in my head. An oddly familiar man's voice shouting it with passion and desperate anger. My head pounding in my temples and at the base of my skull down into my neck through my joints. I reached for the remote I knew should be somewhere near in my bed. My brain (as cloudy as it was) felt morose as if it were an actual physical presence inside my head. This always happens when I leave Youtube playing some random video as I fall asleep. It always seems to end up playing creepy pastas poisoning my subconscious with dark themes and characters.

The young male voice read someones disturbing story in an apathetic monotonous tone until I found the remote and clicked it off. Turning to my night stand and lighting a cigarette was the last thing I did as a normal person. How I long to go back to that precious time of blissful ignorance and simple comforts. The feeling of hope and warmth in my world, up to that moment, unappreciated and unacknowledged, had slipped out of my life with the harsh smoke as I exhaled and my eyes stumbled across the form on laminate flooring at the foot of my bed. I jumped dropping my cigarette. Close your eyes! Calm down you didnt see that! Holy Fuck! What the fuck did you just see?.

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underneath the still arched back of the corpse. A corpse on my bedroom floor. A searing pain in my inner thigh made me jump again, snapping me out of my shocked "deer in headlights" state of terror which had locked up my entire body, unnoticed and neglected my cigarette had burned through blanket, pants and into my leg.

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